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SPECIAL LAW COURT SKETCHES AND SPORTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

(See Inside.)



THE FIRE AT SANDRINGHAM: QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AROUSED BY MISS KNOLLYS, ESCAPING FROM HER BURNING BED-ROOM.

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HINDE'S

The late Lord Justice Gifford, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and calling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" on the box. The present "Hinde's" Hair Fashion of Undulated Hair renders Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1½ boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or Sample box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hinde's Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR

WAVERS

To Correspondents.

ALL Artistic and Literary Communications for this Journal should be addressed to "The Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," 198, Strand, London, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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TALK OF LONDON

The Queen's Escape.

FOR a moment last week a thrill of apprehension passed through the hearts of the community when the news of the fire in the Queen's bed-room at Sandringham became known. Instantly there followed a great throb of thankfulness, none the less sincere because it was inaudible, that Her Majesty had escaped



Photo. Russell.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

(SECOND DAUGHTER OF DUKE OF CUMBERLAND).
WHO IS ENGAGED TO MARRY THE GRAND DUKE
OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.



FOR CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS: A CURRANT STORE AT THE DOCKS.

without harm. It has in recent years become the fashion in political circles to boast of this leader or that as the "best-hated man in Europe." Far prouder and less ambiguous is the place which Queen Alexandra holds in the hearts of her people. Without exception she is the "best-loved" lady in the land. From the highest to the lowest, her name or picture in any public place is the signal for cheers and loud acclaim. Her reputation is the embodiment of all that is highest and holiest in domestic life; and from the day when, as the "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea," she came to this country as the betrothed of the Prince of Wales, she has ever been regarded with the warmest devotion by the people who are now her loyal subjects. It is little wonder, then, that our gratitude is great at her fortunate deliverance from what might have been a national calamity.

Encouragement for Clever Artisans.

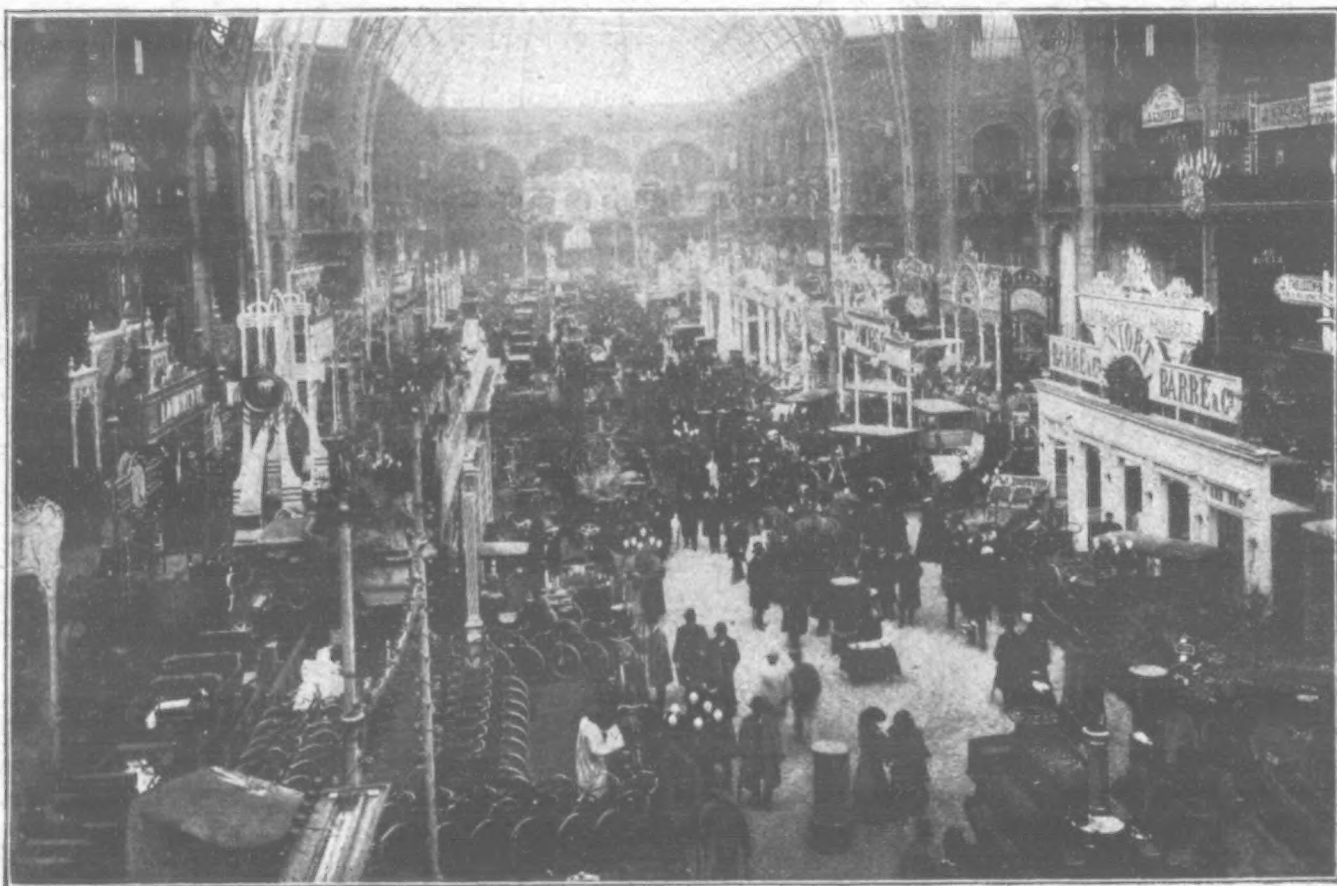
The American system of rewarding workmen for mechanical improvements calculated to produce work quicker and more economically will (according to the *Westminster Gazette*) shortly be adopted in the Woolwich Arsenal. It has been a cause of complaint for years past that improvements in mechanical contrivances suggested by Arsenal employes have not only been pooh-poohed, but even discouraged by their military superiors. Now, however, on the recommendation of the Committee for Inquiry into the Qualification of Ordnance Factories' Foremen, a scheme of money rewards for men devising any such improvements is to be instituted. The scheme is heartily welcomed, more especially by those ambitious of obtaining promotion in their respective departments, as fall the higher posts are to be filled in future by men selected for their ability and merit, not as formerly by seniority. A standing committee of three



Photo. Anglo-German Agency.

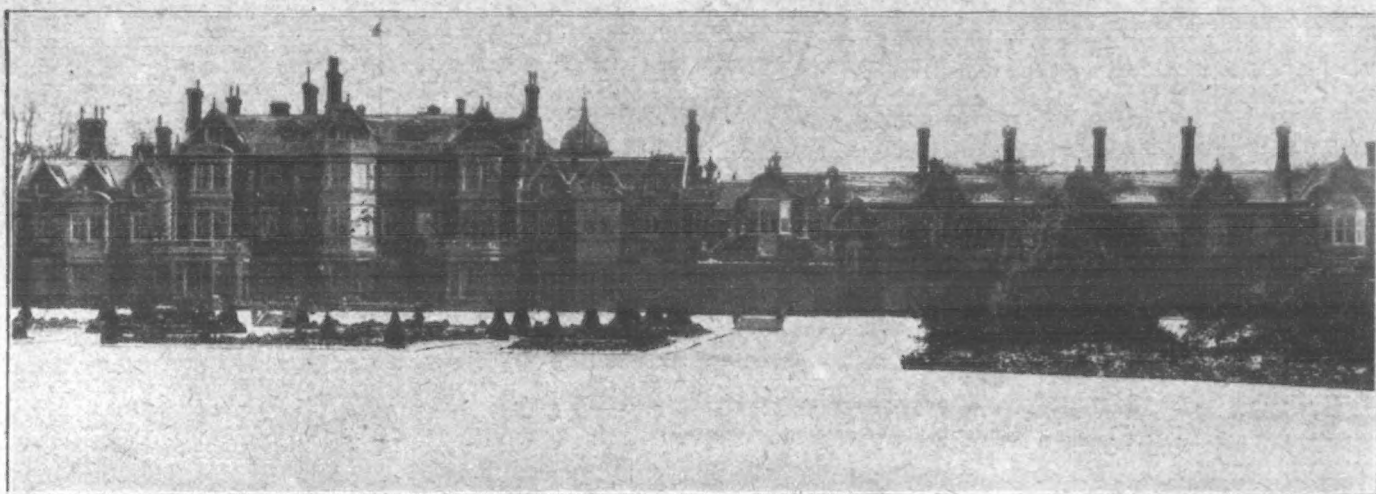
IN MEMORY OF SIR WALTER BESANT.

THE TABLET IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL WHICH WAS UNVEILED LAST WEEK BY LORD MONESW. LL TO COMMEMORATE THE DECEASED NOVELIST.



THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE SHOW IN PARIS: A GENERAL VIEW.

THE SANDRINGHAM FIRE: PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM AFTER THE FIRE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



SANDRINGHAM, WHERE THE QUEEN HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM FIRE LAST WEEK:
VIEW OF THE WEST FRONT.

experts will adjudicate upon any suggestions offered, and decide upon the amount of the reward to be offered, which in no case will be more than £15 to any one individual. Other schemes for the scientific education of the Ordnance workmen will also shortly be introduced.

This is certainly a most desirable step to take. It is the fashion—a stupid one—for people in easier and more lucrative walks of life to rail against the British workman. To my mind, he



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE SIR J. DEVEREUX.

WHO DIED ON DECEMBER 10. THE DECEASED WAS MAYOR OF WINDSOR IN 1869, 1881, AND 1882, AND WAS KNIGHTED IN 1883. HE WAS AGED 88.

is the very best in the world. But like everybody else, he wants proper recompense for his labours, and he is quite right to insist on it whenever possible.

Cricket.

I must assure my esteemed colleague "Ban-thee" that I have no intention of trespassing



Photo. Ralph.

THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM AT SANDRINGHAM AS IT APPEARED SOON AFTER THE FIRE HAD BEEN EXTINGUISHED.

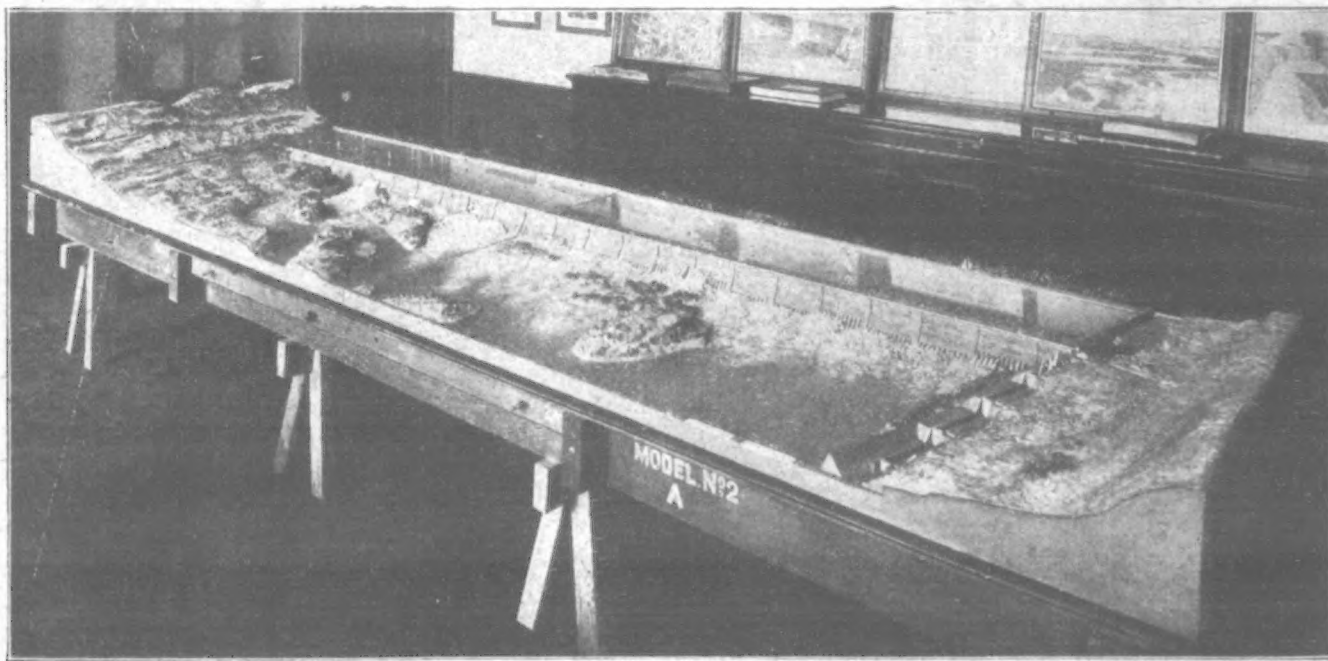


Photo. Balbeck.

MODEL OF THE GREAT ASSOAN DAM, WHICH IS BEING SENT BY SIR JOHN AIRD TO THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.

THE LENGTH OF THE ACTUAL DAM IS 1½ MILES, AND THE HEIGHT IS 130 FEET. THE WEIGHT OF MASONRY REACHES 1,400,000 TONS, AND THERE ARE 180 SLICES.

glanced at that record "577": "It may not be your best team, but it's good enough to go on with."

THE GOSPEL.



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR,
WHO DIED LAST WEEK.

A PORTRAIT OF MISS KNOLLYS, WHO SAVED THE QUEEN'S LIFE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE King's Movements.—The King arrived at Sandringham on Saturday last from his visit to Elveden Hall. His Majesty congratulated the Queen and Miss Knollys on their narrow escape from fire, and also complimented Miss Knollys on the wonderful presence of mind she displayed. The members of the household fire-brigade were also warmly thanked for their services. The King left for London in the afternoon, arriving at Buckingham Palace at half-past five. His Majesty will go to Sandringham early next week to spend Christmas.

The Queen's Narrow Escape.—Her Majesty Queen Alexandra underwent an alarming experience through the outbreak of a fire at Sandringham last week. Shortly after five o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark and almost all the household were asleep, Miss Knollys, whose bed-room was above that of the Queen, suddenly awoke to find her apartment filled with smoke. She quickly discovered that a great oaken beam which extended under the fireplace down into the Queen's bed-room was in flames. Making her way through the smoke, Miss Knollys went to the room below and aroused Her Majesty. After assisting the Queen to a place of safety Miss Knollys alarmed the household, and within a few minutes the members of the household fire-brigade were engaged in extinguishing the outbreak. The brigade succeeded in confining the fire to the two bed-rooms, and the damage done was of a somewhat serious nature. The King, who was staying at Elveden Hall, was apprised of the news at an early hour, and later the Queen sent a special messenger to reassure His Majesty.

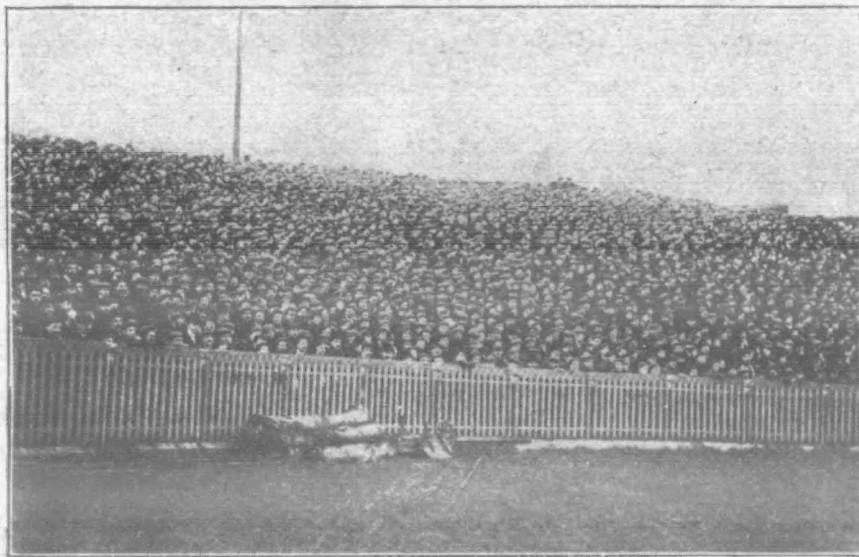
The Kaiser's Health Improves.—After being confined to his palace for five weeks, the German Emperor went to Berlin on Saturday last to witness a performance at the Royal Theatre. The Kaiser appeared to be in excellent spirits, and it was observed that he had entirely recovered the use of his voice. It is stated in official circles that early in the New Year the Emperor will journey South for a trip in the Mediterranean. The doctors are of opinion that the warm sea air will greatly benefit His Majesty's respiratory organs. It is also necessary for his convalescence, inasmuch as it will benefit his nervous system.

Army and Navy Items.—The transport *Sicilia* left Southampton for India last week, taking out reinforcing drafts for several infantry battalions. She is due at Bombay on Dec. 31, and will start on her return voyage on Jan. 8, bringing home time-expired men and invalids. The *Galconda* sailed from the Royal Albert Docks on Friday last with twelve officers and 649 non-commissioned officers and men of various regiments, including a ballooning section of the Royal Engineers. She will call at Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, and Aden for disembarkation. It has been decided by the Advisory Board at the War Office to divide the R.A.M. Corps into four sections. The first and highest will be formed of men intellectually capable of becoming proficient in nursing duties; the other sections will be devoted to cooking, clerical, and general duties. The men will be carefully taught the duties falling to each particular section, and greater efficiency will thus be secured in each. An order has been issued that the new brown-leather bandolier equipment of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards is to be discarded immediately. Colonel H. J. Scobell has been gazetted to be a Major-General on the Staff, and to command the 1st Cavalry Brigade 1st Army Corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Colville, C.B., this week completed his term of service in command of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade. He is succeeded by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Jenkins. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilton, C.B., has completed his term of service in command of the 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Lieutenant-Colonel Urnston, C.B., succeeds to the post. H.M. cruiser *Furious* was officially inspected at Sheerness by Admiral Sir Albert Markham, and passed out of hand as fully equipped for departure to the Mediterranean. The battle-ship *Anson* collided with the battle-ship *Edinburgh* when returning from the North Sea on Friday night last. In endeavouring to avert a collision with another vessel, the *Edinburgh* was carried against the starboard side of the *Anson*, which had her accommodation ladder knocked away and a boom damaged. The Admiralty have issued a memorandum making alterations in the conditions of service of naval officers. The periods of "non-service" that entail compulsory retirement are reduced. Admirals will be retired as soon as five years have elapsed since their last service after attaining flag rank. Vice-Admirals will be retired five years after their last service, or on promotion to the rank of Admiral, if they have not served while holding rank of Vice-Admiral. The future establishment will be: Admirals of the Fleet, 5; Admirals, 12; Vice-Admirals, 22; Rear-Admirals, 65.

Young Officer's Double Rescue.—The circumstances of a plucky deed performed by Lieutenant Henderson, of the 17th Lancers, were made known last week. During a hot run of the Tynedale Hounds, not far from Hexham, the field was brought to a check by a stream which had become swollen by recent heavy rains. Thinking he knew of a ford, Beams, the huntsman, rode into the stream. He had not gone far, however, when he and his horse were swept off their feet by the



BISPHAM v. BISPHAM STODDERT, AND SHAW: SKETCHES OF THE FAMOUS SINGER'S DIVORCE ACTION.



A BIG FOOTBALL CROWD.

SOME OF THE 30,000 SPECTATORS OF THE MATCH BETWEEN SHEFFIELD UNITED AND SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY, AT BRAMALL LANE.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MR. "TOMMY" HENDERSON, OF THE 17TH LANCERS.

MR. HENDERSON HAS LATELY DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY HIS HEROISM IN RESCUING TWO PEOPLE FROM DROWNING. THIS DEED AND HIS WONDERFUL POWERS OF ENDURANCE ARE DETAILLED IN "THE WEEK'S NEWS."

swift current. Captain Blackett at once went in to the huntsman's rescue; but he, too, got into serious difficulty, and disappeared under the water. Lieutenant Henderson then plunged in, still wearing his boots and spurs. Striking out for a spot where the end of a barbed-wire fence was submerged, he grasped the loose wire, and floating back into mid-stream, waited for the two drowning men, who were being swept down the stream. As the men passed, Lieutenant Henderson clutched first one and then the other, and by a tremendous effort succeeded in dragging them ashore. As an indication of Mr. Henderson's great endurance it may be said that on the day of his heroic performance he rode to hounds five hours, drove three miles to a station afterwards, and was seven hours in the train to London, where he took supper with one of his brother officers. He arrived at the Savoy at 11.30, left at 1.30 with his host and fellow-guests for the Covent Garden Bill, and returned to the Berkeley Hotel, where he was staying, at six o'clock the next morning, as fresh as when he got up on the previous day.

Peer Falls Dead in Paris.—Lord Abinger, a young Scottish peer, died in Paris last Saturday under painful circumstances. He had gone out to supper at a Montmartre restaurant, and was just on the point of leaving the establishment when he suddenly placed his hand to his heart and reeled backwards. His face went a strange colour, and before his friends could assist him he had fallen heavily. He was at once taken to a hospital, but died on the way. The doctor's examination clearly showed that death was not due to the fall, but to an affection of the heart. The deceased nobleman was only thirty-two years of age. He had gone to Paris expressly to see the Automobile Exhibition.

Fanley Man Buried Alive.—An accident of a most extraordinary and appalling nature occurred at Hanley on Saturday last, when a man named Thomas Holland was suddenly precipitated to the bottom of a disused pit-shaft. Holland, it appears, was walking along St. John Street when the pavement gave way, and he was swallowed up by the earth. A man named Eritchard, who witnessed the occurrence and who narrowly escaped stepping into the chasm himself, at once gave the alarm, and attempts were made to effect a rescue. The shaft, however, is of great depth, and full of poisonous gases; so that the chance of rescuing the unfortunate man alive was extremely small. Drags and fire-appliances were used without avail, and after the local authorities had consulted with mining experts it was agreed that further efforts to recover Holland's body would be useless. Not only would the choke-damp render a descent into the pit dangerous, but the body itself would be covered by the heavy fall of earth, estimated at fifty tons, from the top of the shaft. Rescue operations were therefore abandoned, and the shaft ordered to be filled up. A burial service was conducted at the spot on Sunday afternoon. Thousands of people were present at the ceremony, which was of a most impressive character.

Singer's Divorce Action.—For five days Mr. Justice Barnes was engaged in hearing the petition of Mr. David Bispham, the well-known operatic singer, for a divorce from his wife on the ground of her alleged misconduct with Major Edward Studdert and Mr. Robert Newton Shaw. A notable feature of the trial was the ability with which Major Studdert conducted his own defence.

Countess Secures a Divorce.—In Mr. Justice Barnes' court, Mabel, Countess Russell, petitioned for a divorce against her husband, Mr. William Brown, otherwise de Modena, on the grounds of cruelty and misconduct. Mr. Bagnave Deane, K.C., appeared for the petitioner; there was no defence. Counsel related how the respondent, "a groom and the son of a coachman," had represented himself to be Prince Athrobald de Modena, and won the lady's hand. Subsequently he was tried and sentenced at Winchester for having made a false declaration at the marriage registry. The Countess forgave him for his deception, and allowed him to reside with her at Bray Lodge. For some weeks he behaved well, but then his manner began to change for the worse, and Lady Russell, having received certain anonymous letters concerning her husband's conduct with other women, called in a private inquiry agent to watch him and report on his movements. Lady Scott, the petitioner's mother, having given evidence as to the respondent's cruelty, and the detective having told of Mr. Brown's mode of life, the Judge granted a decree nisi, with costs.

Lady's Terrible Struggle in a Train.—The North Staffordshire police are pursuing inquiries into an extraordinary affair which occurred on the night of the 8th. Miss Eva Goss, the daughter of Mr. W. H. Goss, J.P., a manufacturer of Stoke-on-Trent, was returning home by train from Alasger, near Crewe. As the train entered a long tunnel between Harecastle and Stoke, Miss Goss, who was alone in a second-class carriage, heard a scratching noise at the door. A moment later the door was opened, and a man sprang into the compartment, remarking that he had had a narrow escape of missing the train. He then

advanced threateningly on the young lady, who, realising her danger, tried to pull the communication-cord. The man sprang upon her, however, dragged her backwards by the hair, and threatened to throw her from the train if she resisted him. Miss Goss replied that she would rather die than yield to him. A terrible struggle then took place. Convinced that she had a madman to deal with, the young lady fought desperately with her assailant for some time. Then realising that her strength was giving out, she offered the man her purse and jewels if he would desist. The train had now got through the tunnel, and the man, apparently knowing that a station would soon be reached, seized the jewellery, opened the carriage door, and disappeared. Miss Goss was discovered in a state of collapse, and not until the next day was she in a condition to recount her terrible experience. A reward of £100 has been offered for the capture of her assailant. A man was arrested at Alsager on suspicion of being the culprit, but was subsequently set at liberty.

Peckham Rye Pond Mystery.—An inquest was opened last week on the body of an unknown woman, who was found dead in a pond on Peckham Rye. Some workmen discovered the body lying in about two feet of water. Dr. Roberts, who was called by the police, found a scalp wound over deceased's left eye, both lips were cut through, and it appeared as if she had received a blow on the back of the head. There was no water in the lungs, which he would expect if death was due to drowning. Several ribs were broken on the left side; and either this injury or the one on the head would be sufficient to cause death. The woman was apparently from forty to forty-five years of age, of medium height and build, and with black, closely cut hair. The inquest was adjourned for further evidence.

Double Execution at Winchester.—An intimation was received from the Home Secretary on Sunday that he saw no reason for interfering with the sentence of death passed on Private William Brown and Thomas Cowdrey for the murder of Esther Atkins at Aldershot. The condemned men were hanged in Winchester Jail on Wednesday morning, W. Billington being the executioner.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

MISS MARIE CORELLI, who recently spoke her sentiments so decisively respecting the proposed demolition of two cottages in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, has involved herself in a couple of libel actions, which will be heard at the present Birmingham Assizes. Miss Corelli is sometimes rather outspoken, but her admiration for Shakspeare is so genuine that I hope no inconvenience will be caused her in carrying on these actions, which arose entirely from what Talleyrand so often condemned—namely, "excess of zeal."

Mr. Arthur Collins is, I hear, highly delighted at having secured Mr. Harry Randall for the Drury Lane pantomime. His great and well-earned fame was won at the Grand Theatre, Islington, where he has been an immense favourite, and with good reason. I can scarcely remember another comedian who can get so much fun out of a comic ditty, and "Laughter holding both her sides" is an appropriate comment when he sings. That he will be enormously successful at Drury Lane I feel certain.



Photo. Russell.

COUNTESS RUSSELL,

WHO OBTAINED A DIVORCE FROM HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM BROWN, LAST WEEK.

If actresses covet titled husbands they should try the Vienna stage, where during a few years nearly a dozen ladies have married noblemen. There is a "star" still performing—the wife of

Baron Hammerstein—who retains her maiden name, Annie Dickens, on the stage.

Sir Charles Wyndham's present season at the

New Theatre concludes on Dec. 19, and on the following Monday the theatre reopens with the new version of "Through the Looking-Glass." Early in the coming year Sir Charles will produce Mr. Comyns Carr's adaptation of the comedy by Alfred Capus, "La Châtelaine," done in English, and with the title, "My Lady Rosedale." Mr. Carr has also invented new incidents for the concluding act, which even French critics admitted was rather weak. Another version of the comedy by Louis N. Parker has been played in America by Mr. Willard and company with great success under the title of "The Optimist."

Of the children engaged for the New Theatre in "Through the Looking-Glass" at Christmas, nine out of seventy were under age according to the new Act. But Mr. Denman, at Marlborough Street, gave the necessary licence last week.

When "Little Billy's Love Affair" ends at the Criterion, a new three-act comedy by Captain Marshall will be produced there under the direction of Mr. Arthur Chudleigh and Mr. Charles Frohman, by arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon. The title has yet to be chosen, but I may remark that the comedy will be a return to Captain Marshall's earlier style. There are three principal parts, represented by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and Miss Marie Illington, whose services have been already secured.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier is now rehearsing Mr. Rutland Barrington's adaptation of Kingsley's "Water Babies" for afternoon representations, commencing on Tuesday, Dec. 22, and to be continued during the Christmas holidays. Some of the performers are already chosen.

The Hippodrome promises a brilliant spectacle in "The Elephant Pool" in the heart of a jungle, where singing birds, roaring lions, growling tigers, and hissing serpents are among the "fearful wild-fowl" presented. But when the fifteen elephants come to bathe in the Pool everything has to give place to them, and in the final scene the huge animals leap from a great height into a seething river. A spectacle which I fancy will attract thousands of playgoing juveniles to the Hippodrome, as it is a scene which cannot be witnessed elsewhere.

A new Romeo and Juliet will early in February be seen at the Court Theatre in the persons of Mrs. Leigh and Mr. Lauder. Mr. Leigh appearing as Friar Laurence. Other novelties are in contemplation, one of them being a one-act version of "Brer Rabbit," of course suggested by our old friend "Uncle Remus."

THE PROMPTER.



Photo. Ponisiam and Banfield.

MISS MARIE DAINTON.

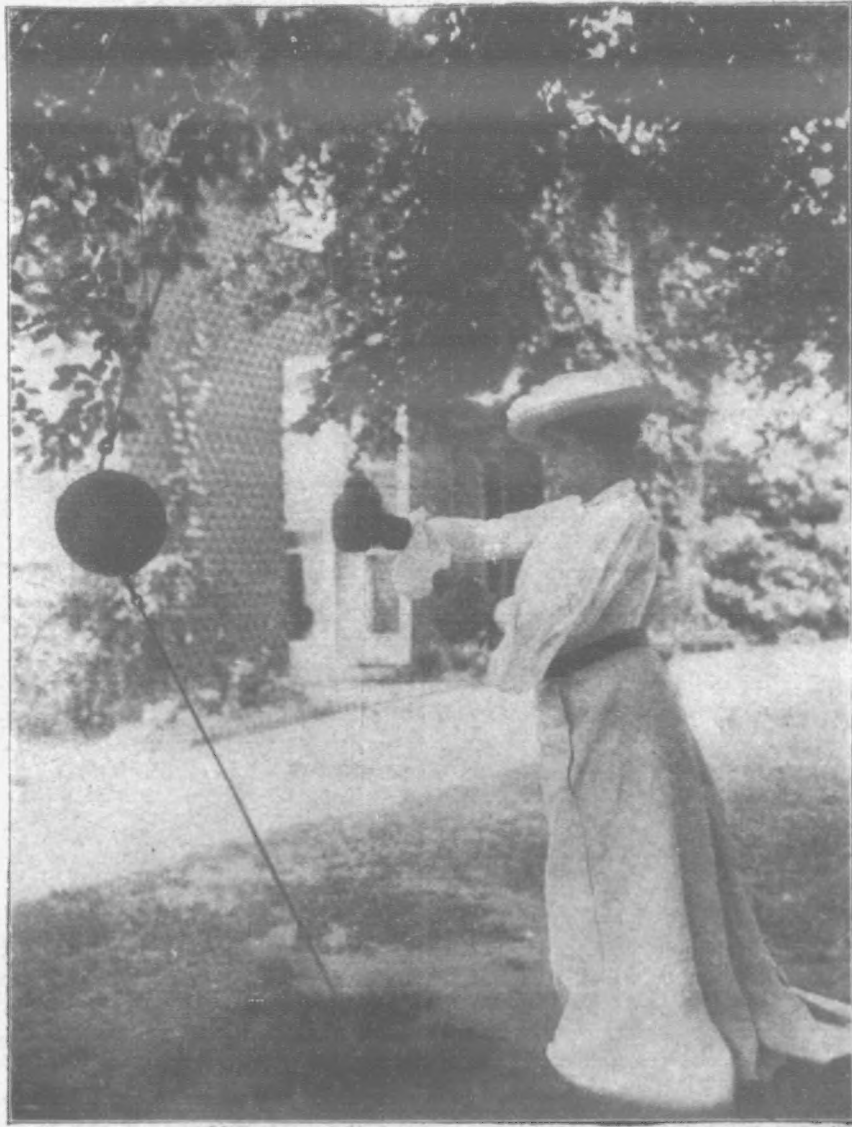


Photo. Ponisiam and Banfield.

MISS CONNIE EDISS.

TWO WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES AT HOME.



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DRIES UP A COLD IN THE HEAD IN A FEW HOURS.

No exaggerated statements about Nataral. Our customers bear out our claims, and recommend it. Nataral is a very simple remedy, quite harmless, yet possessing most extraordinary curative properties. For **Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Loss of Voice, etc.**, it is a very precious remedy.

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XMAS PARTIES.
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in all cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia,
etc. For outward application, and DOES NOT
BLISTER THE SKIN.

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INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the
wants of Infants and young persons."
Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,
Professor of Chemistry, R.C.S.I., Medical
Officer of Health for Dublin,
City and County Analyst.

Dr. BARNARDO says: "We have already used
Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle
and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation
in saying it has proved very satisfactory."
July 27, 1901.

USED IN THE
RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

It has been my custom to deal principally with the League matches. In the ordinary sense they have earned priority by virtue of merit, but the time has arrived when it is the Cup tie that engrosses one's attention. For we have emerged from the qualifying stage to the Competition proper, and the flower of England's football is engaged in that momentous of all football competitions, the English Cup.

To Southerners the most interesting games last Saturday were those in the Metropolitan area, West Ham being at home to Fulham and Brentford entertaining Plymouth Argyle. Fulham got the better of the "Hammers" by one goal to nil, and the match at Brentford resulted in a draw. It was scarcely a fair index of the play in either case, as Fulham hardly deserved their win by one goal to nil, and Brentford were to blame for giving away a penalty kick when they were a goal to the good.

But in view of the trend of football events in the present season, the match which most absorbed the attention of Southerners was that of the Arsenal with Bristol Rovers. The Rovers have a record which entitles them to all the respect that can be accorded them. Also, the Arsenal have a record out of the common. Unlucky last year not to enter the sacred precincts of the First Division of the League, the Reds have this season done so well that their promotion is little short of a certainty. Therefore the records of the two clubs invested the game with a deal of unusual



LADIES AT HOCKEY.—NORTH OF ENGLAND v. WEST:
BULLY ON 25 YARDS' LINE.

interest, and the fact that the match was drawn at one goal each caused the replay to be followed with the closest attention.

Bristol City were strongly fancied to beat New Brompton, but the Southern League club played surprisingly well and drew the match. Another tie of exceptional interest was that between Reading and Gainsborough Trinity, but though the Midland club made a big fight, they had to admit defeat, though only by one goal to nil. The other matches in the competition turned out very much according to anticipations.

In the Southern League, Millwall went under to Portsmouth on the Hampshire club's ground by two goals to nil, but success rewarded the efforts of Southampton in their contest with Northampton, the match being played on the ground of the last-named club. Queen's Park Rangers beat Brighton and Hove Albion at Hove, and Luton at home got the better of Swindon.

As far as the League matches went the games were fairly interesting, and some exciting tussles were witnessed. Chief of them was the encounter between Sheffield United and Sheffield Wednesday, the result being a draw. One of the best performances of the series was the win of Blackburn Rovers over Aston Villa, and that on the Villa ground. West Bromwich Albion came a dreadful cropper to Manchester City, the latter club winning by six goals to three. Everton were too good for Stoke; Newcastle United got the better of Notts Forest, Wolverhampton Wanderers overcame Liverpool, and Notts County defeated Sunderland, a sequence of events rather unlooked for.

The draw for the Cup competition proper has, on the whole, worked out very well. The Southern clubs have nothing to complain of as to the manner in which they have emerged from the hat. Millwall are at home to Middlesbrough, and the Arsenal or Bristol Rovers will have to meet Fulham. The 'Spurs are the unlucky ones of the Southern brigade, as they have to journey to Liverpool to meet Everton.

CRICKET.

The first test-match, which began at Sydney last Friday, brought out further evidence of the excellent qualities of



LADIES AT HOCKEY.—NORTH OF ENGLAND v. WEST OF ENGLAND:
SOME CLEVER PASSING BY THE NORTH FORWARDS.

the M.C.C. team. They went into the fray with a good heart, and the advantage which Australia had in winning the toss was quickly nullified, as Duff, Trumper, and Clem Hill—three of the finest batsmen in the world—were all out for a paltry dozen runs. Then came Noble to the

This was not a formidable total, and in spite of the possibilities attaching to Noble's subsequent efforts, it could be regarded with perfect equanimity by the Englishmen. As a matter of fact, the last three Australian wickets only added 28 runs on Saturday morning, and the M.C.C. team, from which, by the way, Strudwick, Knight, and Fielder stood down, had the moderate total of 285 to face when they went in.

The start made by the Englishmen was a disastrous one, for "Plum" Warner fell for a "duck" before a run was scored. Tydesley and Arnold, however, showed sound defence, and although runs came slowly they played a great game for their side. Tydesley's 68 was in every way worthy of the famous little Lancastrian. When R. E. Foster and Braund became associated, they gave the fielders a rare lively time. Both gave a brilliant exhibition of hard hitting and clever defence, and at the close of play Foster was 73 not out, and Braund 67 not out, the board showing a total of 243 for four wickets.

When play was resumed on Monday both batsmen started quietly, but when once settled down they scored with the utmost freedom, Foster in particular batting in effective style. Time after time he sent the ball to the boundary, all the bowling coming alike to him; but after batting for seven hours he was out to a simple catch at mid-off. His grand innings of 287 beats all previous individual scores in test games, and he fully deserved the tremendous ovation which awaited him at the conclusion of his tether. Braund also deserves the highest praise for his splendid innings of 102, made in his best style, and Rhodes must not be forgotten, for he kept up his wicket while Foster hit, the last stand adding 130 runs, and the full innings realising the huge total of 577—a clear lead of 292. Foster's performance has aroused the greatest admiration of the Australians, both players and spectators.



Crabbe. Churchill. Skene.
Welsh. Gregson.
OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE CROSS COUNTRY CONTEST:
THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.



Harcourt. Hayshe. Ditt.
Godby. Hodge.
OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE CROSS COUNTRY CONTEST:
THE OXFORD TEAM.

I rejoice to see that Mr. A. N. Hornby is once more elected to the post of President of the Lancashire County Club, for there is no better sportsman living than the old England captain. On the other hand, it is rather painful to know that Archie McLaren has taken so much to heart the many nasty things which have been said and written about him, and the great batsman has resigned the post given him by the Lancashire Club.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The *pièce de résistance* in athletic circles on Saturday last was undoubtedly the inter-cross-country contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It was the twenty-fourth annual battle of the Blues, and, as usual, the race was decided over the Thames Hare and Hounds' course at Roehampton. Cambridge had the better record, as in their inter-club contests outside of the one under notice they had not lost one, and this against such strong teams as the South London Harriers, Blackheath, and Ranelagh packs, as well as the United Hospitals. Oxford, on the contrary, could only claim one win, this being against Dublin University.

Therefore the Light Blues entered upon their task with every confidence, and this was justified by the result, as they won by the lower score of 21 points to 34. A. R. Churchill (Harrow, and Cains College, Cambridge) was first man home, and he did remarkably well by finishing the seven and a-half miles in 45 min. 9 sec. Last year's winner, H. W. Gregson (Oundle, and Christ's College, Cambridge), finished second in 45 min. 39 sec., but he was unlucky in breaking down during the journey. A. R. Welsh (Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge) was third in 45 min. 52 sec., so that Cambridge supplied the first three men home.

The Blackheath Harriers and South London Harriers were jointly competing for the "Nicholls" Challenge Cup. This was over seven miles of country at West Wickham. Blackheath supplied the first man home in E. F. Judson, whose time was 40 min. 54 sec., and won by 94 points to 113. F. A. Knott was second, and F. A. Casserley third.

The Highgate Harriers were engaged in the eighteenth competition for the Norman Challenge Cup at Bowes

Park. There were forty-two entries and twenty-six starters. W. H. Copeland, last year's winner, won from the 1 min. 30 sec. start and made the trophy his absolute property. The Polytechnic Harriers held a five-mile handicap at Wembley, with the result that J. Thielemann finished first, J. Davies second, and A. W. Stokes third.

ROWING.

The annual meeting of the Henley Regatta Stewards was held at the Henley Town Hall last Saturday afternoon. Mr. W. Dalziel Mackenzie in the chair. As was expected, the accounts presented by the committee of management proved anything but satisfactory, the receipts for the year amounting to £3074 6s. 9d. and the expenses £3260 11s. 3d. All round, the sources of income showed a serious falling-off, including the receipts from the Phyllis Court and grand-stand enclosure, subscriptions (which only totalled £845, as against £1005 last year), donations, and sale of programmes. The deficiency was met by a sale of Consols from the reserve fund, reducing the holding to £1100 stock, the price of which has also depreciated.

The election of the committee of management resulted in only one change, Mr. R. G. Gridley being elected in place of Mr. Fenner (resigned). It was resolved to purchase the Regatta boathouse, and four of the stewards were nominated to act as trustees. Subsequently a meeting of the committee of management was held and the dates fixed for the 1904 regatta, which will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 5, 6, and 7.

HOCKEY.

The hockey match between teams representing Western Counties Ladies and Northern Counties Ladies resulted in a splendidly contested game, the North winning by three goals to one. Notwithstanding the slippery nature of the ground, some capital all-round play was seen. All the goals were scored in the second half. Miss Smith (Somerset), Miss Hearne (Somerset), Miss M. Symons (Devon), Miss Dicks (Gloucester), Miss Burrill (Yorkshire), Miss McLaren (Lancashire), and Miss Bilbary (Cheshire) were all seen to advantage. BASKING.

THE RACING WORLD.

RACING generally slackens very much just before Christmas in its interest, and a very natural thing too. Those who make a pleasure of sport turn their attention from it to more domestic amusements; while as for the business section, which, except at the great meetings, is as numerous as the other—well, who does not feel to want to slacken off and have some sort of holiday at the end of the year? Not much sign of this was noticeable at Sandown's meeting last Friday and Saturday, but we shall be gradually cooling down, till the Boxing Day entertainments cause a sort of spurt in the South, and in the North big gates will come to Manchester.

It is to be hoped that the going there in January will be nothing like so heavy as it was for the Manchester November flat-racing, an affair which will be long remembered for the terribly expensive muddle at the start. To obviate recurrence of this trouble, the Jockey Club's new rule forbidding the presence on the course at the starting-place of any person whatsoever, save the officials, may suffice. At the same time I rather fancy that what with the stewards having power to grant permission to disregard the enactment, and the starter also, the scheme may be spoiled. Far and away the best plan is when you say nobody to mean nobody, and stick to what you do mean. The business is troublesome enough as it is, and carries with it far more unfairness than did the old plan, an opinion I venture to hold in spite of all favourable opposition views, even when so great personages in the racing world as Lord Stanley champion the mechanical starter.

Talking of accidents, we seem to get plenty of what I may call side mischances to ruin horses' prospects just now. What with runnings out, and jumping the rails, and refusing to start at all, and being knocked down, and having their jockeys fall off them, quite a troupe of well-backed geese have been losing their backers' money. One of the most unfortunate accidents within the last few days was Deer'sough's parting company with his jockey at Sandown last Saturday. "He was I thought, quite certain to win the Sandown Steeplechase, if only he stood up, for he had carried off the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase at Gatwick in splendid style. No horse could have been going better than he was at Esher till he unshipped Driscoll, and, being left free, started across country to go back to the paddock and the stable where he had been put up.

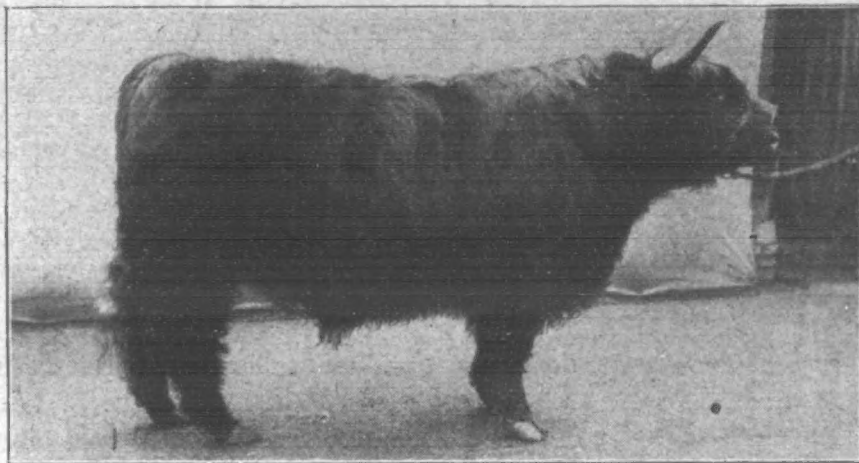
A nice journey he made of it. Coming from the fence where he had left Driscoll, he cleared the railings of the five-furlong course and then made as if he intended to leap into the steeplechase track. Being hampered there by the carriages, poor Deer'sough turned sharp to the right into the narrow lane between the tracks and the posts and rails, an alley way quickly cleared by the folk who had gathered there, who rushed, fell over obstacles, and cast themselves violently down on the turf in hope of avoiding being run over. He then bounded over some iron hurdles, and was left to face a little farther a whole park of autocars, drawn up in their special paddock, with no time to stop and scarcely room to get by them. Taking the rails at a very acute angle, he managed that same cleverly enough, except for dislodging the mail as he got over; made right across to the opening where the horses come out on their way through the wood up to the paddock, and there gave himself up as good as gold to his trainer. Unfortunately, he hurt a hip in his last jump, and may not run again for some time.

With him out of the way, this Sandown Steeplechase was easily won by Expert II., ridden by Percy Woodland, who, as it happened, was on the first in each of the three races making the first half of the day's programme. On Friday Cossack's Post, who had won in fine style at Croydon, took his second race very easily; this is a good horse, and we may see him quite at the top of the tree.

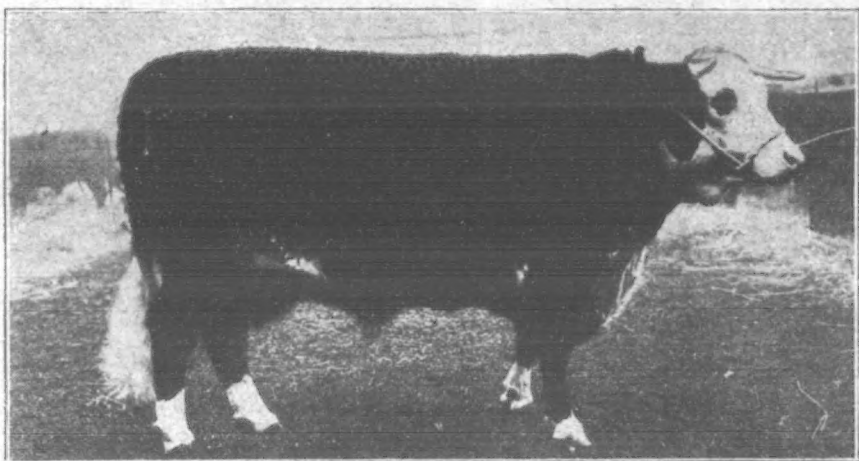
On Saturday we saw two horses believed to have the makings of first-raters sold out of Mr. Buck Barclay's yard. These were Kinram and Gean Tree, who went to their trainer's bid for a thousand guineas and two hundred and fifty respectively, both very cheap. Mr. Garry Moore was buying for Lord Sefton, who will, we hope, have luck with them. At the same time the rest of Mr. Barclay's thoroughbreds changed hands with trifling exception. I had hoped that as Kinram and Gean Tree were knocked down to Mr. Moore they were bought in, but Mr. Barclay told me what had really happened, and so for the time ends the connection between the Turf and the sportsman who owned Bendigo.

Perhaps next week we shall have something to wake us up about the Derby. This week that does not occur, and as all to be said about Newmarket's December sales has been said at considerable length, and interest in jumping is of the hand-to-mouth order, I will save myself till things are brisker. BENDIGO.

'Varsity Rugby.—To the surprise of football judges who had followed the comparative form of Oxford and Cambridge during the season, the former University scored a victory in the annual match at Queen's Club on Tuesday last. Oxford lost the toss, and kicked off with the sun behind them. At half time Oxford were leading by two goals to one. On change of ends the Cantabs at once adopted rushing tactics. Several times they attacked, but without success. Oxford at length scored again, as from a long high pass Gregson spurred in and Fearenside converted a most difficult kick. Towards the close the game became intensely exciting, and ended eventually in a victory for the Dark Blues, who scored three goals and one try to two goals and one try.



SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW: HIS MAJESTY'S HIGHLAND STEER, WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE AND THE CUPS.



SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW: HIS MAJESTY'S HEREFORD STEER, WINNER OF THE CUP FOR THE BEST HEREFORD.

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First Prize, £30; Second Prize, £10; And TEN PRIZES of £1 each.

SO successful have our Two Story Competitions been that we now announce another on similar lines. In this Number we present the continuation of our thrilling novel entitled "Barbara's Stormy Wooing." Among the letterpress will be found four pictures illustrating scenes from the story. We want you to read the story carefully, select the passages which you think the drawings depict, and write the sentences in the spaces provided below for that purpose. Titles for each picture must not exceed twenty words, and must be a literal copy of words from the story itself. There will be several sets of pictures, the competition extending in all over twelve weeks. Keep all your sheets till the twelve have appeared, then pin them together, and address them to

Story Competition, "Penny Illustrated Paper,"
198, Strand, W.C.,

by a date to be named.

To the competitor who places the greatest number of correct passages under the pictures, we shall award the First Prize of £30 cash; £10 will be awarded as a Second Prize; while there will be Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 each. In the event of a tie the Prizes will be divided.

No Member of our Staff is allowed to Compete. The Decision of the Editor must be considered final.

TENTH LIST.

Fill in here the passages from the story which you think best fit the Pictures appearing on Pages 404 and 406.

37.
38.
39.
40.

Competitor's Name and Address

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THE NEW MAHDI IN THE SOUDAN: MAHOMED EL AMIN PROCEEDING UNDER ESCORT TO EL OBEID.

Mahomed El Amin had for some time past been gathering followers who had proclaimed him as Mahdi. Thanks to prompt action by Colonel Mahon, he was recently captured, tried, and hanged.



THE PECKHAM FAT BOY AT THE ROYAL MUSIC HALL: SKETCHES BY A "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE BOY'S ENGAGEMENT AT THE ROYAL BROUGHT HIM IN £10 PER WEEK. IT HAS SINCE BEEN ARRANGED THAT HE SHALL GO ON TOUR AT A SALARY OF £40 PER WEEK.



"P.I.P." SPECIAL SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS.



REFLOATING H.M. CRUISER "FLORA": THE "GRAFTON" AND "EGERIA" HAULING HER OFF THE ROCKS.

H.M.S. "Flora," which went ashore last Friday in a fog opposite Comox (B.C.), was hauled off the rocks on December 10 by the war-ships "Grafton" and "Egeria" and two tugs. The "Flora" is not taking in much water, and pumps have been placed on board.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

"WHEN in doubt what to choose for a Christmas present, buy a photograph-frame," said to me the other day a lady friend who was spending, probably, a happy afternoon over her Christmas shopping. "Everyone wants photo-frames," she went on, "so I buy them every Christmas in dozens, and dump them all round." It is quite true that photograph-frames are useful, and very often ornamental also, but you cannot send them to the same people every year. I put this problem before my friend, and she said that it was a bore not to be able to send frames every year, but that a bottle of "4711" eau-de-Cologne is a welcome present also, or a little needle-case, or string-box, or a small Shetland shawl for a head-wrap—"not the real ones, you know," she said, "but those with the stripes. They are cheap and nice." So they are. I know them very well.

I made an extensive prowling round Harrod's Stores last week, having been told that they were now one of the sights of London; and truly they are wonderful. It is of no use to go there when you are tired, for you walk more than a mile before you have gone over the establishment even on the ground-floor, and I do not know how many floors there are upstairs. The great thing about the place is that there is so much space to move about in and plenty of light and air. Even with a crowd of people you have room to move, and everything is orderly and well arranged. I was struck especially with the grocery departments, and not far off you can get all manner of cakes. It is possible at Harrod's to get

Small Cakes for Small Families.

It is a trouble to a careful housekeeper to see her cakes lasting so long that they dry and stale before they are finished. I cannot say that, in the fancy department, articles intended for Christmas presents were very cheap; but in all other departments I think goods are excellent and inexpensive. For Yuletide gifts there are lengths of seven yards of serviceable materials of various kinds, wide width, for 10s. 6d. or 10s. 9d. These pieces would make frocks for schoolgirls; nice frocks, in short, for young girls, whether at school or at home.

The toys at Woodland's, Knightsbridge, are

JANUARY NUMBER (2D.)

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endless amusement, and now that long evenings are with us, what more appropriate?

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most tempting. It is a pity almost to take small children to the shop, for the sight of so

Many Fascinating Articles

will bewilder their poor little brains and make them excited and irritable. The little cookery-stove can be used for cooking, but not without "mother" or a careful nurse looking on. I should prefer a peacock that struts about, a donkey that brays, or a doll's trunk filled with dainty garments for the wooden or wax treasure of the baby girl. The dollies who are to wear these pretty frocks and petticoats are most bewitching.

I fear the very disagreeable weather we have had since December began has somewhat interfered with Christmas trade. To make matters more disagreeable, the roads are up at Hyde Park Corner and for part of Knightsbridge, and in many places old buildings are coming down to make room for new ones, making getting about from place to place extremely difficult.

I should like to know if any of my readers saw an account of a lecture and debate which took place lately at the studio of Mrs. Jopling Rowe upon the subject,

"Is Shyness a Form of Conceit?"

There were a good many shy women present who were not very well pleased, naturally, at being told that shyness was a form of conceit. One shy lady, who tried to defend herself and her fellow-sufferers from the "odious" imputation, was so terribly afflicted with her distressing malady that she collapsed upon her seat, unable to speak a word. Now, if I may be allowed to express an opinion, I wish to say that over self-consciousness, and not conceit, is the cause of shyness which is not caused by nerves. Very nervous and highly strung persons are, as a rule, extremely shy. They cannot play or sing before people—they can hardly speak,



SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW: MR. ARTHUR HISCOCK'S
MIDDLE WHITE PIGS.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS FOR BEST PEN OF PIGS.

in fact. The self-conscious and shy person is thinking always about what people are thinking or saying of him or her. They imagine that they are being criticised for some fault in manner or appearance, and the thought throws them into an agony of shyness. Children should be taught early not to worry about what people think of them. As soon as they have learned that other people are not occupied with them, and do not care how they look or what they say, self-consciousness will banish, and with it conceit. A conceited person may be shy, but it is not shyness that has made him or her so, and there are a great many

Conceited Men and Women

in the world who have not a trace of shyness about them. A little touch of shyness would be a great improvement to them.

Scotch people are up in arms because their favourite oatmeal porridge has been pronounced—and by a Scotch doctor too—the most unwholesome of all the unwholesome foods that can be eaten. By-and-by there will be nothing left for us to eat. We are not to touch red meat or sugar, or bread or tea, or coffee, ale, or beer. Fish, or some kinds of fish, is left to us, and fowl and game; but pastry and puddings are slow poison, and I know one lady who declares that, as it is impossible to get pure milk, she buys a milk powder and pours boiling water upon it in order to make milk! Now, how can she tell that the milk powder is pure? There is nothing more easily adulterated than a "powder." I do not know anything about the special powder that she uses. It may be excellent, but I say that it would be very easy to adulterate it.

To a correspondent ("The Seeker") I recommend the Employment Bureau in *Heath and Home*. If she will buy the number for Dec. 10 she will find out how to apply to the Bureau on page 301. "The Seeker" asks also several

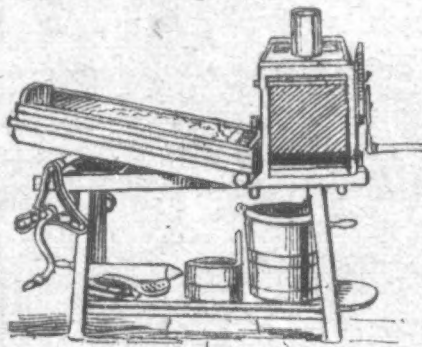
Questions About Income Tax.

There are many points connected with the tax which I do not understand, but one question I can answer—namely, that in estimating the amount of tax to be paid the incomes of husband and wife are treated as one, unless the income of the latter is earned by her own work, and their joint earnings do not amount to over £300 per annum. A woman should have a separate banking account for her own earnings in a separate bank from that of her husband. It prevents trouble and friction.—MARGUERITE.

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Butter-Making Apparatus.

THE accompanying illustration shows the most recently improved butter-making apparatus, an addition of value being the water lubricating-can in the hood of the cover. The helical roller is also shown in its carriage, the drainer, and the butter granules upon the inclined working table. There is, indeed, everything included for butter-making; but the accessories, such as the large milk-can, the hair-sieve, drainer scoop, syringe, and Scotch hands are, of course, extras.



BUTTER-MAKING APPARATUS.

For the benefit of my Monmouthshire inquirer I may add that the price of the entire outfit ranges from £4 10s. to £7 10s., according to the capacity of the churn and the wood from which it is made.

The Smithfield Show.

The show of the Smithfield Club, held at Islington, as usual attracted an enormous attendance, and there is not

being to carry 2lb. and 24lb.; the latter, including butter and box, weighing 40lb. Honeycomb cells for the carriage of eggs can also be used.

Pruning Gooseberries.

"Probably there is no plant grown by market men that suffers such great abuse as the bush that bears the fruit that has saved the situation for many growers this season." says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. Scores of thousands of bushes are never pruned at all, and are, in consequence, like a furze-bush for thickness. These bushes, in their season, bear small fruits that disgust the pickers. Other bushes are pruned in such a manner that, to the experienced grower, they appear as if cut over with a pair of hedge-shears. We frequently see bushes so served that all the young wood is cut back to a uniform length of 4 in. or 5 in. This is not the way to prune for fine fruit. Three points must be kept in mind by the gooseberry pruner. First, symmetry; second, fine fruit; third, ease of gathering. Whether the bush starts from a single stem 5 in. or 6 in. above the soil, or springs like a herbaceous plant from the ground itself in many branches, the aim of the pruner must be the same—to keep the branches off the ground, to keep them arching and radiating in regular order from the centre, and so to regulate the number left that there is always a free play of air among the branches. To this end all side shoots should be cut back to three-quarter inch lengths, and the terminal shoot should be shortened as little as possible. The position of the terminal bud must always be left in the direction that the branch is wanted. When bushes are so pruned the branches can be lifted by the gatherer and the fruit gathered from the base to point quite easily. The fruit also will be of good size, and nothing suits the market like size and finish in market gooseberries.

Potatoes for Fowls.

Potatoes undoubtedly form a valuable and economical food, particularly when mixed with meal, oatmeal, or "sharps." They should be boiled until soft, the water drained off, and the potatoes smashed up, mixing them with meal until the whole mass is of a stiff consistency. A good plan is to place them in a basket, which should be suspended in a copper, so that when the potatoes are cooked the basket can be lifted out. This does away with the necessity of draining off the water, and where large quantities are required to be boiled, another advantage is gained by the water remaining hot and ready for a second or third basket of potatoes to be cooked. Potatoes are deficient in muscle-making elements; but they are rich in heat and force-producing matter, and by an admixture of the meals mentioned, which are rich in muscle-making constituents, a cheap and nutritious food is produced. There is no cheaper plan to winter a large stock of fowls than by feeding largely on potatoes. Frequently during the winter months small potatoes, termed "chats," can be purchased for 1s. a bushel, or about £2 per ton, and these answer the purpose equally as well as the large tubers. A few months since a poultry-fancier assured a correspondent of *Poultry* that he kept a large flock of silver-grey Dorkings in the best of health all through the winter, feeding entirely on potatoes, and that when they commenced to lay in the spring their eggs were very fertile, and their laying powers seemed in no way impaired.

The Wire-Haired Fox-Terrier.

The smart-looking fox-terrier is the most popular of all dogs, and he is also one of the oldest varieties, although the dog known by the same name half a century ago was quite a different-looking animal. The earliest picture of a fox-terrier, a dog run with foxhounds and sent to earth, shows the species to have been black-and-tan in colour, and in no way resembling the nicely balanced, wiry-looking dog of to-day. The two varieties—the wire and the smooth coated—are alike in every respect but in texture of the coat, the former having what is known as a "broken" or rough coat; and the harder and more wiry in texture this is, the better the dog is liked by the sportsman. The dog should not look or feel woolly, and there should be no silky hair. A few points of the breed are—

Head: Skull flat and moderately narrow; broader between the ears, and gradual y decreasing in width to the eyes. Stop slight. Cheeks not full.



WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER.

Ears V-shaped and rather small, of moderate thickness, and drooping forward close to the cheek.

The jaw should be strong and muscular, but not too full in the cheek, of fair punishing length. Nose black, tapering towards muzzle.

Eyes dark-rimmed, small and rather deep-set; full of fire and life.

Teeth level and strong, as nearly together as possible.

Neck clean and muscular; of fair length, gradually widening to shoulders; no throatiness.

Shoulders flup, long, and sloping. Chest deep, but not broad.

Back short, straight, and strong. Loin broad, powerful, very slightly arched. The dog should be well ribbed up and not flat-sided.

Hindquarters strong and muscular, free from droop; thighs long and powerful; hocks near the ground and not straight in the stifle.

Stern set on rather high and carried gaily, but not over the back.

Legs must be straight, strong in bone throughout, elbows working freely—just clear of the sides. Feet round, compact, and not too large; the toes moderately arched. No dew claws behind.

Coat smooth, flat, but hard, dense and abundant.

Colour: White should predominate. Brindle, red, or liver markings objectionable.

Disqualifying points are white or cherry nose, or one spotted with these colours, prick, tulip, or rose ears, and an over-shot or under-shot mouth.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsagents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "P.I.P. Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

Performers have to be alert at the present day, as the following instance will prove: Miss Louise Cove was on her way from Liverpool to London last Sunday, and when at Rugby the station-master handed her a telegram asking her to play the following night at the Gaiety Theatre, Burnley. Finding it impossible to reach Burnley the same night, she went to Manchester, and from there next morning reached Burnley by nine a.m. She studied the part during the day, and played it at night with brilliant success.

PRODUCE-BOXES.

show stock in the open competition for live animals; but the result has proved that there is no real antagonism between the two departments. The butchers fully recognise that the show of fat stock fulfils other objects besides the supply of the markets, and the only effect of the new section is that, perhaps, when carcasses are bought, the trade for live animals is to that extent diminished. When these competitions commenced the breeders sent the animals much too fat for the requirements of meat salesmen. As the carcasses are sold by auction, and the judging is carried out by meat salesmen, it was not long before this mistake was rectified. The complaint on the part of some now is that the beef is not quite fat enough. The mutton in several cases is still too fat.

Produce-Boxes.

To anyone sending away regular supplies of butter or other farm produce, the use of boxes of the pattern of those illustrated is almost a necessity. They are strongly made but light, the latter essential having been carefully studied, and they are made to contain what are known in the trade as long rolls and London "lumps." The latter measure 6 in. by 2½ in. Ten sizes are sold, the two limits

BARBARA'S STORMY WOOING.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY,

Author of "For Love of Marjorie," "The Mystery of Woodcroft," "An Ideal Love," "Lawyer Bell," "Her Soldier Lover," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: Cecil Trevor, the new Squire of Willowhurst, coming down unknown to his property, sees and admires pretty Barbara Graham. Barbara, however, has another wooer in Lawyer Kennedy, who holds her father, Captain Graham, under his thumb in connection with a forgery committed by that weak and shiftless person, and who insists on marriage with the daughter as an alternative to prosecution and disgrace. Trevor lends a ten-pound note to Captain Graham, who promptly disappears from Willowhurst, leaving Barbara to shift for herself. An execution is put in for rent by Kennedy as the Squire's agent, but Barbara is befriended by the Vicar, who makes her believe that after the sale of furniture a balance remains to her. Of this the greater part goes to pay debts. When these are settled Barbara, with about five pounds in hand, faces the world boldly.

CHAPTER VII. ONE REPLY!

THE lane was narrow, and Lawyer Kennedy was barring the way with his burly figure. He was smiling at Barbara, but there was a look of entreaty in his eyes.

"I shall walk a little way with you whether you like it or no," he continued, "because I

malevolent glance had unnerved her, though she had small belief in his power to work her further ill.

She did not mention the incident to Mr. Villiers or his wife. They were already sufficiently bothered with her affairs.

"You have written your letters?" the Vicar said, somewhat quizzically.

"Twenty, I believe."

"And how many answers do you expect?"

Barbara shook her head. "This is my first experience, but I should imagine that all will have the courtesy to reply in some way."

The Vicar laughed loud and long. "Oh, you ingenuous child! Very few indeed would answer you even had you enclosed a stamp in every letter for that purpose. They get so many applicants, you see. Several ladies of my acquaintance have told me that they make an actual profit on such advertisements."

"A profit?" Barbara said, her eyes wide open.

"Yes, indeed. Now, suppose the advertisement cost five shillings and they get a hundred letters containing a penny stamp. There is a net gain of three shillings and fourpence."

"Oh, dear!" Barbara exclaimed in dismay. "I had no idea that so many girls were requiring situations. Perhaps I shall not get a single reply!"

"Very probably not, and I mention this so that you may not be disappointed."

And thus they chatted until it was time for Barbara to return to her lonely cottage.

For the next twenty-four hours time hung heavily on her hands. She could not settle down to her painting, and there was not much to do about the house. Several times she felt a strong desire to pay a last visit to the woods, but was fearful of meeting with the new Squire or Lawyer Kennedy.

So another day passed, and it was almost with a feverish anxiety that she awaited the postman on the next morning, wondering what her fate was to be.

She took a seat in the window, half hidden by the curtains, where she commanded a long view of the street.

At last she heard his reverberating knock, perhaps a hundred yards distant, and her heart gave a responsive bound. He appeared to be very dilatory that morning, and stopped to gossip with the milkman right under her window. Then he shifted his position and leaned against the garden-gate, and Barbara saw that he had a handful of letters. Perhaps some of them were for her, and she stamped her foot from sheer irritation.

No, he had passed on, and she was left gazing blankly at his receding figure. Not a single reply! She could never have believed that people could be so heartless and discourteous. No doubt there were thousands of girls being similarly disappointed every day in the week, after wasting money from their slender purses for postage-stamps and stationery.

She was feeling both hopeless and indignant, when a sharp double knock fell upon the door and the postman handed in a letter.

"Sorry, Miss," he said, smiling, "but I nearly forgot 'ee. I was talkin' to Sam Wallis, the milkman, and went right by, arter lookin' at this letter for five minutes. So I brought 'un on my way back."

"Thank you," Barbara answered, although she felt that the man deserved to be scolded. How dare he treat it as a joke!

She glanced hastily at the writing and the postmark. The first was quite unknown to her, and the second was "London. West."

Barbara opened the letter and read the following—

Full Mall Mansions, W.
Dear Madam,—I am directed by the Earl of Trevanore to thank you for your application and the single reference enclosed therewith. It is usual to have not less than two responsible references, but in this instance his Lordship is likely to waive the point if the Rev. Mr. Villiers' answer is satisfactory. Your duties, in the event of mutual agreement, will be very light—as companion and governess to his Lordship's little daughter, aged only three years, of whom you will have entire charge. The post, however, is not without its responsibilities, and I am empowered to offer you a salary of two hundred pounds per annum, payable monthly. As his Lordship wishes to go abroad at an early date he is anxious to have the matter settled with as little delay as possible. I have also written to the Rev. Mr. Villiers by this post.—Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK SEKSCRE,
Secretary to the Earl of Trevanore.

Almost before Barbara had recovered from her surprise and delight she heard Mr. Villiers'

knock at the door, and met him with shining eyes and flushed face.

"Am I not fortunate?" she asked, forgetting to answer his "Good morning." "Two hundred pounds a year! I should have been satisfied with fifty pounds."

But the Vicar was looking doubtful, and shook his head in a serious way. "I don't like it," he said—"the hurry and the large salary. Nursery governesses as a rule earn very little."

"But this is an Earl?" Barbara protested.

"The majority of Earls have no money to waste nowadays. However, I will look up 'Debreit' and see who this Lord Trevanore is, and, of course, I must give you one of the best of references. You are young, well-born, accomplished, and far too good-looking."

"Don't trifle, please, Mr. Villiers," pleaded Barbara. "This may be the chance of my life, and it is the only answer to all my letters."

The clergyman read both his own and Barbara's letter five or six times, and still he looked dissatisfied.

"It may be all right, but some friend of yours ought to see the Earl of Trevanore and make full inquiries about him. I notice that there is no mention of his wife."

Barbara was disappointed. Why should a clergyman, of all men, be so suspicious?

"I am a responsible young woman," she told him, "and not a child. I have had to depend upon no one but myself for years, and I am not afraid to face difficulties."

"Yes—yes. Well, I will do my best for you, Miss Graham, but I would rather that you stayed at Willowhurst."

Barbara shivered. "I could not, Mr. Villiers. I have so many enemies here, and I cannot be a burden upon you. You shall always know where I am and what I am doing, and I will take no step without consulting you."

He did not reply, for he saw that no amount of argument would alter her mind.

He took her hand and pressed it lightly. "I have a busy day before me. Three weddings and a long letter to write to the new Squire, who is in London. I believe that you are aware that Mr. Cecil Trevor has been masquerading here under the name of Williams."

Barbara inclined her head, her eyes growing cold and hard.

"It was a foolish thing to do, but he is a most eccentric young man. It is not good for some people to spend their early years away from civilisation. Still, he has the advantage of being utterly fearless and original. I shall endeavour to have the evening free, if you feel lonely here."

"I will not promise to come," Barbara answered, "but if the mood takes me—"

"Then come, by all means."

Barbara remained in a thoughtful attitude for some minutes after the clergyman had left. She felt a little vexed that he had not shared in her enthusiasm, but he did not understand her anxiety to leave Willowhurst and earn her own living. She had a settled conviction that her father would go his own selfish way now that she was of no further use to him. If he ever wished to communicate with her he would do so through the agony column, as he had suggested she should.

Her lip curled, but a deep sigh escaped her nevertheless.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MINE IS A TROUBLE BETTER BORNE BY MYSELF."

THE Vicar had remarked that the new Squire was away from Willowhurst, and

Barbara was gratified to hear it. Now she could go to the woods without fear of meeting him, and spend an hour or two, for the last time perhaps, in the old familiar ways.

Fortunately the weather was perfect. There had been many days of glorious sunshine, blue, unclouded skies, and gentle winds. Queen June was at her very best, and earth was like a dream of bliss.

When Barbara passed through the village she was the recipient of many respectful and friendly greetings. There was a good deal of sympathy, too, in the eyes of the tradesmen. She had taken care to see that they had been paid, and they hated Lawyer Kennedy to a man.

Under his rule the rents had been raised, and if they mentioned repairs they were rewarded with some evasive promise and an unctuous smile.

The late Squire had rarely negatived anything that Lawyer Kennedy suggested, and Lawyer Kennedy had grown fat upon perquisites extracted from tenants who feared and hated him. Everybody had heard of his action against the Grahams; and as everybody knew that the Captain was gone, their sympathies for Barbara were fully aroused.

As she turned into a by-path that led to the hills and woods, she heard her name called, and saw that it was the old doctor of Willowhurst.

He was driving; and pulling up suddenly, dropped the reins into his coachman's hands and jumped out of the trap.

"Just a few words with you, Miss Graham," he said in his brusque but kindly way. "I have seen the Vicar and heard of your trouble. Is it true that you are leaving us?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"I am sorry—deeply sorry. Confounded shame to treat you in this way! That fellow Kennedy has about run the length of his tether, or I am much mistaken. From what I hear of the new Squire he is not a man to be bamboozled, and the lawyer may have to answer for some of his ill-gotten gains—and his cruelty to a lot of poor people. Your plans are irrevocably made, I presume? Don't think me inquisitive, Miss Graham, but now that it is too late I regret that I and my people have not been more sociable in the past."

"I believe that is my fault more than yours, Dr. Brett. I have always been so busy," Barbara explained lamely. "Your daughter got tired of calling, and sending invitations, as did other people. Yes, I am leaving here in a day or two."

"There was a little catch in her voice. There were a few kind-hearted people in Willowhurst after all, and now that the future was practically settled, she began to feel little pangs of sorrow."

"You must not go without giving us a call, Miss Graham, and I hope that you will come back among us again," the doctor said cheerfully.

Barbara smiled faintly. How could such a thing be possible? In ten—fifteen—or twenty years, perhaps, she might pay Willowhurst a flying visit for the sake of many pleasant associations.

The doctor shook hands with her, and climbed into his carriage. Barbara continued her walk, feeling better for the meeting.

It was not until she was standing on the wooded hills that she realised all that she was leaving. She looked around, and drank in the quiet beauty of the scene—the emerald fields, the glowing gardens—the flashing river—the mystic woods. A farm-boy was singing somewhere in the vale, and she knew that the refrain of his happy song would always live in her memory.

She gazed at the ancestral home of the Trevors. The many windows gleamed like diamonds in the rays of the sun, and on the great white tower a Union Jack was flying in the breeze. The terraced lawns were ablaze with flowers, and although Oakdene was two miles away, Barbara could hear the sounds of busy workmen on the clear air.

"They are preparing for the home-coming of the new Squire," she thought, with curling lip. "The manly, the generous, who does not scruple to make the poor homeless! And yet I suppose that he was within his rights. No one can give something for nothing, and sentimental considerations must not stand in the way of life's business. I expect payment for my services as the Squire expects his rent; and why should he forego his claim because he once spoke pleasantly to me? Probably the incident has passed from his mind altogether."

She went to her favourite nook. Cecil Trevor had called it "my lady's forest boudoir," and she gazed upon every tree and knoll and flower with a mournful interest. It was to be farewell to-day—farewell, and perhaps for ever! She heard the crackling of a twig, and started up, half dreading to meet the grey eyes of Cecil Trevor. This was one of his favourite spots, too, but her fears were groundless; it was only a



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want to apologise, to humble myself to you, Miss Graham, I know that I have been a brute."

He paused, and Barbara answered, "You are detaining me, Mr. Kennedy. I would rather not know you in the future."

"And I don't blame you for it; but I have been shamefully treated. Your father has tricked me out of hundreds of pounds and made me believe that you liked me in a way. You understand? My disappointment was terrible, and I was not responsible for the moment."

"I prefer not to discuss the matter," was the icy rejoinder. "Will you kindly let me pass?"

"No, I will not!" he cried passionately. "Not until you forgive me."

"I can never forgive you the humiliation and anguish you have caused me this very day—knowing that I was a lonely and defenceless girl."

He bowed his head. "I thought that you would have appealed to me. I wanted to bend your proud spirit. I swear that I never intended that your home should be sold."

"You would have been compelled to obey the new Squire's instructions," Barbara said a little bitterly.

"No, I should have paid the money myself," was the quick answer. "I want your forgiveness, your friendship, and perhaps something more at a later stage. A telegram from me and your father would be arrested within an hour, but I bear no malice now that the first heat of my temper is over. What shall it be, Miss Graham?"

"I prefer your enmity to your friendship, Mr. Kennedy," was the scornful and haughty reply. "I know nothing of your transactions with my father, and you are only pretending penitence because you have been baffled at every point and are held up to odium by every right-minded person in Willowhurst."

"Oh!" His face became almost purple. "Oh, very well!" He gave her a bitter glance, and turned upon his heel.

Barbara's contempt for the lawyer was boundless, and she expressed it in every look and tone. But had she spoken wisely?

She continued on her way to the Vicarage, but with trembling limbs. Mr. Kennedy's last

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As she turned into a by-path that led to the hills and woods, she heard her name called, and saw that it was the old doctor of Willowhurst.



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frightened rabbit scurrying to its lair. And now she seemed to feel the presence of Trevor, and to fancy that the odour of his cigar still

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lingered in the foliage. She heard his strong voice, and saw his brave face.

And, indeed, he seems to me
Sarcas other than my own ideal knight,
Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spoke no slander—no, nor listened to it.
Who loved one only and who claved to her—
Her—over all whose realms, to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world!

Barbara shivered as though with cold. Instead of redressing human wrongs Cecil Trevor had added poison to her cup of sorrow.

She returned home by an unfrequented way



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to avoid meeting people who were likely to offer her their sympathy. Dr. Brett had always been nice to her, but she did not remember his wife and daughters with any pleasurable feelings. The mother had been spiteful, and the girls jealous and inane. Barbara was far too good-looking to meet with their approval.

But, as usually follows when one is particularly wishful to avoid people or things, one finds them in the way immediately. Barbara had chosen a precipitous pathway down the hillside rarely traversed by anyone except the darling among the village children, and when she paused at the bottom almost breathless, she saw the doctor's two daughters and their brother, a very fair young man, reclining under a tree.

"Good gracious, Miss Graham!" exclaimed the elder Miss Brett. "How you startled us! You don't really mean to say that you get to the Wren's Nest this way?"

"Occasionally," replied Barbara, annoyed. "Oh, you acrobatic darling!" gushed the younger girl.

The brother had risen to his feet in some embarrassment, and was bowing to Miss Graham. A year before he had fancied himself madly in love with the penniless soldier's daughter—who wore shabby frocks and earned her own living—and had been hurried to London in consequence, where he was studying for the Bar.

One glance at Barbara had reawakened the smouldering flame, and his face flushed hotly, for his sisters had been talking spitefully about her a few minutes before.

"Prettier than ever, by Jupiter!" was his mental reflection.

"How d'you do, Miss Graham?" he said. "Awfully glad to see you looking so well."

He shook hands with her heartily, and insisted that she should sit down for a little while, despite the snappy glances of his sisters.

"I only came home yesterday," he continued. "I am studying hard, and felt that I would like a few days' rest. What a blessing the Long Vacation will be! I don't believe that I have seen you for a whole year!"

"I really forget," Barbara replied.

Young Brett looked mortified. He could have named the place and the day.

"Perhaps you have forgotten the time when we first met?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Arthur!" exclaimed Laura, his elder sister. "Do you think that Miss Graham keeps a diary of such trivialities?"

And Flossie, the younger sister, giggled. "Papa says that you are leaving Willowhurst, Miss Graham," continued Laura. "We are so sorry, although we have seen so little of you for a long time. Is it true that you are going into a shop, or something of that kind?"

"It may be. I have to earn my own living."

"How horrible!" shuddered Flossie.

"There's nothing horrible about it," interjected Arthur, "though it seems a trifle hard on a girl. But, hang it!—pardon, Miss Graham—what do you want to talk about these things for? By the way, Miss Graham, the mater's got a garden-party to-morrow—and—and—they want you to come. You'll find an invitation by the next letter delivery."

"I cannot accept it," Barbara said. "I am very busy packing up, and—other things."

"KEATING'S LOZENGES cure the worst Cough."
Quick Relief—
Sore Relief—
Cheap Relief—
"For this Relief—much thanks."—Shakespeare.
Sold in tins only, 12d. each, everywhere.—[Advt.]

"She's got no clothes," murmured Flossie in Laura's ear.

"And hasn't the grace to say 'Thank you'!"

whispered Laura.

Barbara had risen.

"I must go now. I have wasted too much time already to-day."

Arthur Brett insisted upon walking a little way with her, because she had to pass through a field containing some cows.

Barbara smiled disdainfully. She was not afraid of cows, and she was in no mood to be pestered with Arthur Brett's attentions, well-meaning young man though he was.

"I wish that you could come to the mater's

to-day if possible. Carriage will meet train if you wire time of arrival.—FREDERICK SPENCER."

She had already packed up everything that was not in the auctioneer's inventory, and at once decided to obey the summons. It was no use putting off until to-morrow what could be well done that day, and would perhaps be of advantage to her in the eyes of her new employer.

So Barbara completed her packing hastily, selected a train, and telegraphed to Lord Trevancore's secretary that she would arrive at Charing Cross Station at about eight o'clock that evening. This would allow about three hours in which to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Villiers. Before proceeding to the Vicarage she ordered a fly to take her to Tunbridge Wells Station at five o'clock. Nothing was left undone, for Barbara Graham was a methodical and businesslike young woman. She was no bread-and-butter heroine, but belonged essentially to the earth upon which she walked, and whose air she breathed.

Fortunately the Vicar was at home when she called, and when he had seen the telegram and listened to her arrangements, he was almost angry, and very much dismayed.

"I do not approve of your action, Miss Barbara," he declared. "You have taken too much upon yourself, and are too independent by far. This hurry-scurry does not look well. It looks as though the Earl of Trevancore was glad to get you at any price. Of course, he belongs to a very old family and all that, but some of these old families are so ancient that they have become rotten. Mind, I suggest nothing, but it is my duty to see that you do not make a leap in the dark. It is not yet three o'clock, so we will have tea together, and I will go with you to Lord Trevancore's town house, and satisfy myself that there is no humbug about it. You must not appear to be friendless, or some of the people about his Lordship might try to take advantage of it."

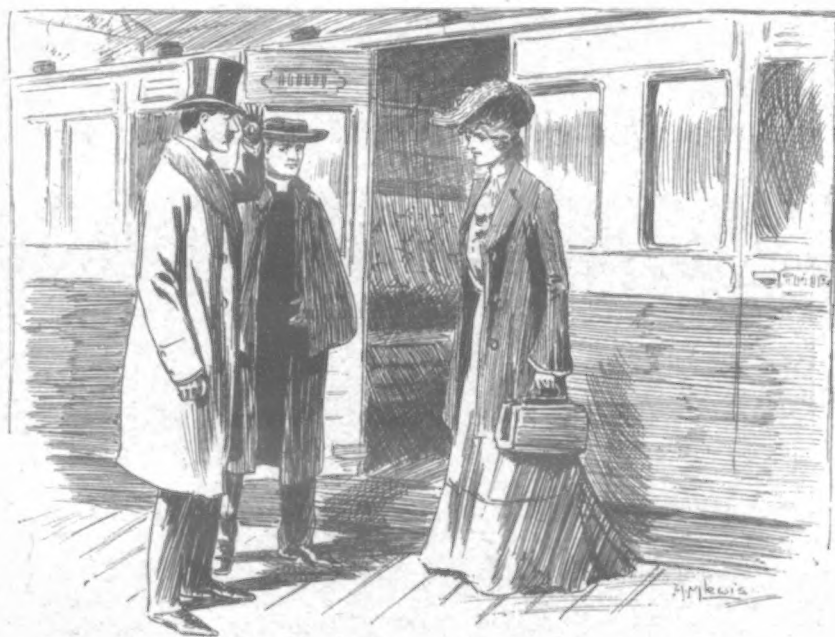
The Vicar carried his point, and after a little motherly advice from Mrs. Villiers, Barbara prepared to say good-bye to Willowhurst.

It wanted twenty minutes to five o'clock when she reached the home that would soon be a dream of the past, so that she had a little time to wander about the old garden wherein her happiest hours had been spent.

When she returned to the cottage there were tears in her eyes, and Mr. Villiers remarked rather eagerly that it was not too late to change her mind.

"You don't like leaving us, after all, Miss Barbara," he said, "and I see no reason why you should go. You can always earn sufficient to ensure your independence."

"You do not know all," she interposed



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tearfully. "I both love and hate Willowhurst, paradoxical though it may seem."

She was glad that the fly pulled up at the front gate at that moment, and began to superintend the removal of her luggage.

"There are a few boxes of things, Mr. Villiers, which I want you to take care of for me if you will—books and pictures, and nick-nacks. They are all packed and labelled."

The Vicar assented, adding: "And I wish I could take care of you as well!"

When the carriage rolled through the village many curious people were standing on their doorsteps to see Miss Graham leave, and most of the men touched their hats respectfully.

Barbara felt a lump rising in her throat, and the Vicar wisely said little until they reached Tunbridge Wells Station.

The evening was very warm, and Barbara was glad when they entered the train and she felt it begin to move on its journey to London. The

motion filled the carriage with a current of cooler air.

"You are looking absolutely tired," Mr. Villiers remarked with much concern as the train rolled into Charing Cross. "Dear-dear! How foolish I was to let you have your own way! A journey like this should have been made in the bright and early morning!"

"The excitement will keep me going," Barbara answered, with a faint smile, though she inwardly admitted the wisdom of Mr. Villiers' speech.

The train stopped, and immediately began the opening of doors, the yells of porters, and the crashing of luggage, while hundreds of men, women, and children hurried along the platform.

The Vicar elected to look after Barbara's boxes, while she rested and watched the whirling cabs and the frantic tumult of human beings tearing, even at this hour, in all directions.

Presently the Vicar joined her, and with him came a tall, middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance, attired in black. He shot a swift, comprehensive glance at Barbara, and she saw that his eyes were as keen and cold as polished steel.

"This is Mr. Spencer, Miss Graham. I saw the Earl of Trevancore's carriage waiting, and guessed what it was there for. Mr. Spencer, this is Miss Barbara Graham—a young lady in whom I take a fatherly interest."

Lord Trevancore's secretary bowed. "I am very happy to welcome Miss Graham into the Earl's household, and trust that she will spend a long and happy time there."

Barbara thought that he smiled in a peculiar way, and a hand of ice seemed to clutch at her heart. But she put away the nervous fears, and looked bravely at Mr. Villiers, who was rapidly arranging preliminaries.

"I will accompany Miss Graham to the Earl's town house, and I suppose that half-an-hour's talk will make both sides clear upon all points. This is so remarkably sudden that we have hardly had time to realise what we are doing."

Mr. Spencer acknowledged that matters had been pressed excessively.

"The fact is, the Earl has very suddenly arranged to go on a yachting cruise, and I am commissioned to engage someone to take charge of his little daughter. His Lordship leaves everything in my hands, and although he is a good and generous master, I must say that in many things he is as unreasonable as a child. I should not be surprised if he ordered me to get the moon for him some day."

The secretary smiled indulgently.

"Fortunately for me, Miss Graham's age and qualifications were just what the Earl required. He will not have his daughter's temper soured

by an elderly person. He insisted that the lady must be young, so that she would enter into the natural feeling of a little child."

They stepped into the waiting carriage, and the door was closed by a well-trained footman in gorgeous livery.

A moment more and the impatient horses tossed their shining heads, then leaped forward, and the splendid equipage moved swiftly away.

(To be continued.)

Managers are somewhat perplexed as to the state of the law respecting the employment of children on the stage. The old law holds good until Dec. 31 of the present year. But from Jan. 1, 1904, the new age limit comes in force, the first clause being that no child under ten years of age can be licensed to perform in a theatre or music-hall. Seven days' clear notice in writing must be given to the chief constable or superintendent of the district before any license will be granted. Thus it will be seen that the juvenile scenes in pantomimes will cause the theatrical manager no little difficulty.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAST OF THE DIE.

IT is the unexpected that happens, and Barbara was certainly not prepared for the telegram that reached her before noon on the day following.

It ran thus: "Reference satisfactory. Come

SULPHOLINE SKIN LOTION.—The only effective remedy for SKIN TROUBLES. SULPHOLINE quickly drives away Eruptions, Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads and all Disfigurements, developing a fair, spotless skin and beautiful complexion. SULPHOLINE LOTION, 12s. Bottles.—[Advt.]

THEATRICAL NOTES.

AN extraordinary meeting of the Lyceum proprietors was held last Saturday. The chairman (Mr. Eves) said that in the new company 70,000 preference and 30,000 ordinary shares had been taken up; £35,000 would be spent in building the new theatre, etc. The form of entertainment would be settled by the board of the new company. Meanwhile, it was resolved to wind up the old company. This agrees with what I said last week—that we may expect a new and splendid Lyceum Theatre, with all its old and delightful associations revived, and, of course, Sir Henry Irving will occupy his former position, his popularity being higher than ever after his honourable conduct under great difficulties.

In these days the Church and the Stage are on more friendly terms than of old. For example, a son of a Bishop of London appears at the Court Theatre on Boxing Night in the Christmas-piece, "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men." He is a tenor singer, and has already been heard at several concerts.

The children who are rehearsing in the above piece sent congratulations to the Queen on Her Majesty's escape during the recent fire at Sandringham. Her Majesty sent the little people a gracious reply.

While referring to Christmas entertainments, I should like to warn those who arrange festive gatherings of the danger there is in dressing up children as "Father Christmas," etc., in materials to imitate snow. There is great risk of fire in these costumes.



THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL: MAKING THE NEW ROAD THROUGH ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THIS ROAD WILL EXTEND FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE, AND WILL BE ONE OF THE FINEST IN ENGLAND WHEN COMPLETED.

The Opera House, Clifford Street, York, easily avoids any dispute like that which has arisen in London between the stage and the music-halls, for it is devoted one week to the drama and the next to the music-hall, being equally successful in both.

Rehearsals are being rapidly pushed forward of Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott's new play, to be produced next week at the Avenue Theatre, under Miss Beryl Faber's management. A scene of Covent Garden Market at early morning is one of the features of the play, introducing flower-girls, costers, coffee-stall keepers, and other frequenters of the market. Good music, conducted by Mr. James Coward, will also be given. One of the characters promises to be amusing. This is a street philosopher, to be played by Mr. C. W. Somerset, who will, I feel sure, make much of the part. So far as I can at present ascertain, the play, called "All Fletcher's Fault," will be somewhat similar in tone to the London scenes illustrated by Mr. G. R. Sims so graphically.

Mrs. Clement Scott appeared as a reciter last week at the Alhambra. I know Mrs. Clement Scott to be a very clever lady, and was therefore not surprised at her cordial reception. On this occasion she appeared under the auspices of the Sunday League; but I do not doubt that should Mrs. Scott decide on working in this new field, her success would justify the experiment and bring her a substantial reward.

Just what I expected. The fiscal question is coming to the music-halls; and Mrs. Brown-Potter at Christmas intends to recite at the Tivoli a poem embracing the chief features of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. Music will also lend its potent aid in the shape of a large chorus.

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